A Maske

PRESENTED

IN THE HOUSE

OF THE RIGHT HONO-

RABLE THE LORD

HAIE.

By diuers of noble qualitie,

his friends.

For the entertaynment of Monsieur

LE BARON DE TOVR,

extraordinarie Ambassador for the

FRENCH KING.

On Saterday the 22. of FEBRVARY. 1617.

MART.

Quid istulum possis? Versus ante trésue legantur.

1617.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

1617.

The Front before the Scene, an

Arch-Triumphall,

On the top of which, HVMANITIE *placed in figure, ſits with her lap full of flowres, ſcattering them with her right hand; and holding a golden chaine in her left: to ſhew both the freedome, and the band of Courteſie. with this inſcription.*

SVPER OMNIA VULTVS.

On the two ſides of the Arch } *her ſeruants.*
CHEEREFVLNES and READINES }

CHEEREFVLNES, *in a looſe flowing garment, filling out wine from an antique piece of plate: with this word*

Adſit lætitiæ dator.

READINES, *a winged Maid with two flaming bright lights in her handes: and her word*

Amor addidit alas.

The Scene diſcouered, is (on the one ſide) the head of a boate, and in it CHARON *putting off from the ſhore, hauing landed certayne imagined ghoſts, whom* MERCVRY *there receiues, and encourageth to come on, towards the riuer* LETHE, *who appeares lying in the perſon of an old man. The* FATES *ſitting by him on his banke. A groue of mirtles behinde them, preſented, and growing thicker, to the other ſide of the Scene.*

MERCVRY.

NAy, faint not now, to neere the fields of reſt,
Here no more furies, no more torments dwell,
Then each hath felt already in his breſt,
Who hath beene once in loue, hath prou'd his hell.

Vp then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged LETHES ſhore,
Who powres his waters from his vrne abroad,
Of which but taſting, you ſhall faint no more.

LETHE.

Stay, who, or what phantaſtique ſhades are theſe
That HERMES leades?

MERCVRY.

They are the gentle formes,
Of *Louers*, toſt vpon thoſe frantique ſeas,
Whence VENVS ſprung.

LETHE.

And haue rid out her ſtormes?

MERCVRY.

No.

LETHE:

Did they periſh?

MERCVRY.

Yes.

LETHE.

How?

MERCVRY.

Drown'd by loue,
That drew them forth with hopes as ſmooth as were
Th'vnfaithfull waters he deſir'd 'hem proue.

LETHE.

And turn'd a tempeſt when he had 'hem there?

MERCVRY.

He did, and on the billow would he rowle,
  And laugh, to ſee one throw his heart away,
Another ſighing, vapour forth his ſoule,
  A third, to melt himſelfe in teares, and ſay,

O Loue, I now to ſalter water turne
  Then that I die in; then, a fourth, to crie
Amid the ſurges, oh I burne, I burne:
  A fift, laugh out, it is my ghoſt, not I.

And thus in paires I found 'hem. Only one
  There is, that walks, and ſtops, and ſhakes his head,
And ſhuns the reſt, as glad to be alone,
  And whiſpers to himſelfe, he is not dead.

FATES.

No more are all the reſt.

MERCVRY.

No?

1. FATE.

No.

MERCVRY.

But, why
Proceedes this doubtfull voyce from deſtiny?

FATES.

It is too ſure.

MERCVRY.

Sure?

2. FATE.

I: thinkes MERCVRY,
That any things, or names on earth doe die,

That

That are obſcur'd from knowledge of the FATES;
Who keepe all rolls?

3. FATE.

And know all natures dates?

MERCVRY.

They ſay themſelues th'are dead.

1. FATE.

It not appeares.

Or, by our rocke.

2. FATE.

Our ſpindle.

3. FATE.

Or our ſheeres.

FATES.

Here all their threds are growing, yet none cut.

MERCVRY.

I' gin to doubt, that *Loue* with charmes hath put
This phant'ſie in 'hem; and they only thinke
That they are ghoſts.

FATE.

If ſo, then let 'hem drinke
Of LETHES ſtreame.

FATE.

'Twill make 'hem to forget
LOVES name.

FATE.

And ſo, they may recouer yet.

MERCVRY.

Doe, bow vnto the reuerend lake.
And hauing touch'd there; vp, and ſhake
The ſhaddowes off, which yet doe make
Vs you, and you your-ſelues miſtake.

Here

Here they all ſtoope to the water, and dance forth their anti-maſque, in ſeuerall geſtures, as they liu'd in loue: And retyring into the Groue, before the laſt perſon be off the ſtage, the firſt couple appeare in their poſture, betweene the trees, readie to come fourth, changed.

MERCVRY.

See! ſee! they are themſelues agen!

1. FATE.

Yes, now they are ſubſtances, and men.

2. FATE.

LOVE, at the name of LETHE flyes.

LETHE.

For, in obliuion drown'd, he dyes.

3. FATE.

He muſt not hope, though other ſtates
He oft ſubdue, he can the FATES.

FATES.

'Twere inſolence, to thinke his powres
Can worke on vs, and equall ours.

CHORVS.

REturne, Returne,
Like lights to burne
On earth,
For others good:
Your ſecond birth
Will fame old LETHES flood,
And warne a world,
That now are hoorld
About in tempeſt, how they proue
Shaddowes for *Loue*.

Leape

Leape forth: your light it is the nobler made,
By being strooke out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entrie, or first dance: after which

CVPID——*appearing, meetes them.*

WHy, now you take me! these are rites
That grace *Loues* dayes, and crown his nights!
These are the motions, I would see,
And praise, in them that follow mee!
Not sighes, nor teares, nor wounded harts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts: but ayrie parts
Try'd, and refin'd as yours haue bin,
And such they are, I glorie in.

MERCVRY.

Looke, looke vnto this snakie rod,
And stop your eares against the charming god;
His euery word, falls from him, is a snare:
Who haue so lately knowne him, should beware.

Here they dance their mayne dance, which ended,

CVPID.

Come, doe not call it CVPIDS crime,
You were thought dead, before your time.
If thus you moue to HERMES-will
Alone; you will be thought so still.
Goe, take the ladies forth, and talke,
And touch, and taste too: Ghosts can walke.
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutuall strife
Is bred, that tries the truth of life.
They doe, indeede, like dead men moue,
That thinke they liue, and not in loue.

Here

Here they take forth the Ladies, and the Reuells follow: after which,

MERCVRY.

Nay, you ſhould neuer haue left off:
But ſtay'd, and heard your generall CVPID ſcoff,
To finde you in the line you were.

CVPID.

HERMES, your too much wit, breeds too much feare.

MERCVRY.

Good Flie, good night.

CVPID.

But, will you goe?
Can you leaue LOVE, and he intreat you ſo?
Here, take my quiuer, and my bow,
My torches too; that you, by all, may know
I meane no danger to your ſtay:
This night, I will create my holiday,
And be yours, naked, and entire.

MERCVRY.

As if that LOVE, diſ-arm'd, were leſſe a fire?
Away, away.

They dance their going out: which done,

MERCVRY.

Yet leſt that VENVS wanton Sonne
Should, with the world, be quite vndone,
For your faire ſakes (you brighter ſtarres,
Who haue beheld theſe ciuill warres)
FATE is content, theſe Louers here
Remayne ſtill ſuch: ſo LOVE will ſweare
Neuer to force them act to doo,
But what he will call HERMES too.

CVPID.

I sweare: and with like cause thanke MERCVRY,
As these haue, to thanke him, and destinie.

CHORVS.

All then take cause of ioy: for who hath not?
Old LETHE, that their follies are forgot;
We, that their liues vnto their fates they vow:
They, that they still shall loue, and loue with wit.

The end.